My riches to thē earth from whence they came :
But my unſpotted fire of Love to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the ſharpeſt blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning advice ; read the concluſion then :
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before, thou thy ſelfe ſhalt bleed.
Daugh. Of all ſaid yet, thou prove proſperous,
Of all ſaid yet, I wiſh thee happineſſe,
Per. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aske advice of any other thought,
But faithfulneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers fleſh which did me breed :
I ſought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a father.
Hee's father, ſonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe ;
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, reſolve it you.

Sharpe phyſicke is the laſt ; but O you powers !
That gives heaven countleſſe eyes to view mens acts,
Why could they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to reade it,
Faire glaſſe of light, I lov'd you and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill :
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts revolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing ſinne within, will touch the gate :
You are a faire Vyoll, and your ſence the ſtrings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw heaven downe, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid upon before your time,
Hell onely danceth at ſo harſh a chime.

Good

Good ſooth, I care not for you.
Anti. Prince *Pericles*, touch not upon thy life,
For that's an article within our Law,
As dangerous as the reſt : your times expirde
Either expound now, or receive your ſentence.
Peri. Great King,
Few love to heare the ſinnes they love to act,
T'would braid your ſelfe too neare for me to tell it :
Who hath a booke of all that Monarches do,
Hee's more ſecure to keepe it ſhut, then ſhewne :
For vice repeated, is like the wandring winde,
Blowes duſt in others eyes, to ſpread it ſelfe ;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eyes ſee cleare.
To ſtop the aire would hurt them, the blinde Mole caſt
Copt hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppreſſion, and the poore worme doth die for't.
Kings are earths gods : in vice their law's their will,
And if *Iove* ſtray, who dares ſay, *Iove* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit ;
What being more knowne, growes worſe to ſmother it.
All love the wombe that their being bred,
Then give my tongue leave to love my head.
Ant. Heaven that I had it ; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your ſtrict edict,
Your expoſition miſ-interpreting,
We might proceede to counſell of your dayes ;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo faire a tree,
As your faire ſelfe, doth tune us otherwiſe :
Fortie dayes longer we doe reſpite you,
If by which time our ſecret be undone,
This mercy ſhewes, wee'l joy in ſuch a ſonne :
And untill then, your entertaine ſhall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. *Exit.*

Manet Pericles ſolus.

Per. How courteſie would ſeeme to cover ſinne,

When